THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 18, 1809.

ESCAPE FROM FRANCE.

Mr. Ellison's Recital of his singular Escape from Verdun.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 3, 1809.

AS you wish to know how I effected my escape, I shall briefly give you the heads of it.

Last July a friend and myself determined to give the rascals the slip; but as both of us were entered into an engagement with eight more to our commandant to be responsible for each other, and that, if one ran away, the others should be imprisoned—to get clear of that, we missed muster one morning, on purpose to get imprisoned, which succeeded. We had ropes round our bodies; saws, gimblets, &c. in our hats; and at twelve that night worked our way out, though surrounded with centinels. We got close to one, where we thought there had not been any; he hailed us, and we scampered off. He must have been a young recruit, for he did not give the alarm; and we got down the wall. The rope was so small, we could not hold it, and both of us fell about 50 feet; I was sadly hurt about the loins, and fainted as soon as I reached the wood, where we had previously stowed our provisions. My companion strained his ancle, and we stopped in the wood four days 'till he was able to march.

We were taken the 13th day, going through a small town at eleven at night, and conducted back to Verdun, where they kept me, hands and feet in irons, for seven days; and then sent us off to Bitche, which is a most dreadful place, and where they

kept us in general under ground. It is a strong fort, built upon an amazing high rock, and surrounded at bottom by three different high ramparts; the rock is entirely hollowed out, and capable of containing the whole garrison if besieged.

After being there a little time, we made interest with the commandant to live above ground; and no sooner got possession of a room up stairs than we began to scheme how to get out of it. There were twelve of us; we first began manufacturing a rope, which we made out of new linen cloth that we got from town; we then got a friend, who resided there, to get us a good gimblet; and on the 8th of December forced both locks on our chamber door, and cut through another one with the above instrument; and all of us got clear of the fort before eight o'clock, the time the additional centinels are put on. It snowed, and blew very hard, and was most terribly cold. We lay the next day in the snow; and at night started again, and got within two leagues of the Rhine by day-light. It had froze severely in the night, and was so terribly cold, that it would have killed us to have stopped that day in the woods; we therefore got into a barn, and lay very snug 'till four o'clock, when a pair of lovers coming in to enjoy themselves, discovered us, and gave the alarm; we got clear of them, but they roused the whole country, and at ten that night we were surrounded by fifty or sixty peasants; two of us escaped their clutches by going different ways, but were both taken a few hours afterwards.

I was just stepping into a boat on the Rhine, when two custom-house officers got hold of me, and dragged me to my unfortunate companions; we were five of us in our party; the rest went different ways, and four of them got safe home. We were conducted back to the place we had left, and a little time after we were sent to Metz handcuffed, two and two, and then chained all in a string, so short that we had scarcely room to walk. We were sent there as evidence for the gen'arme who was upon guard the night we started; we acquitted him; and were twenty days travelling in that uncomfortable manner. In coming back, we passed through the depot of Sarre-Libre, where I got a friend to buy me a gimblet, being determined to escape or break my neck.

The day we arrived at Bitche we were all clapped into a cachot about forty feet under ground. We had a guard-bed to lay upon, as the bottom was covered with water about six inches deep. After staying there three days, we got it made known to the commandant that it was impossible for men to exist in that damp place. He ordered us a room up stairs in the same building; we had three doors locked upon us, a double row of iron bars before the window, and a centinel placed over us; however, we resolved to make an attempt by cutting through

through the ceiling. We cut up our sheets, blankets, shirts, and towels, of which we made a rope 130 feet long; and on the 11th of February, at six o'clock, began, and at three in the morning accomplished the business. The floor we cut through was two and a half inch oak. When we got there we found two windows without bars, that looked two different ways; it rained very hard, and we saw the centinel in his box at the opposite side from that we intended to descend, and all got safe out of the building, over two ramparts, when, to our great astonishment, we found a third, which we understood had not gone round that side of the fort; it was about 25 feet, and we had no rope for it. We all dropped safe except the last, who broke his leg; the rest of us separated, but met again at Saltzburg. There were two with me.

We slept in the woods by day, and travelled by night through a woody, mountainous country. We took provisions along with us; and on the seventh day crossed the Rhine, which cost us thirteen guineas; we then had only nine left. We crossed Baden, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, without passports, slept in the small villages at night, and went round all the towns, some of which we found great difficulty in rounding; however, on the 19th day we arrived safe at Saltzburg, and got our passports for Trieste.

One of my companions was entirely knocked up; we gave him all the money we could spare to follow us in the diligence; and we set out that night on foot, and arrived at Trieste the seventh day, a distance of 260 English miles, and which the natives told us had never been done before in so short a time. We got a passage in an Austrian brig to Malta, then obtained a passage in his Majesty's bomb Lucifer, landed in Plymouth, and arrived in Liverpool, in three months and seventeen days.

SEACOMBE ELLISON, of the Rachel.

COMPLAINT *on the* DEATH *of* SOPHIA.

"Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last."

AS the sweet bud of a rose gradually opens itself to the fostering rays of heat and light, thus Sophia modestly unfolded her beauty beneath the lovely shades of ease, health, and happiness. Nature could not have presented the hand of the artist with a more perfect model for its imitation, nor the feeling heart with features more exquisitely and divinely expressive of all that is good, innocent, and gentle.

Though yet very young, Sophia had attained the growth of a maturer age; and her mind, elegantly informed, soon outstepped the narrow limits of youth, and soared far above the common trifles of female education. Never did innocence bloom on a richer soil than on Sophia's heart; never did kind benevolence speak a meeker language; never did generous sympathy heave a bosom with tenderer sighs, or melt a soul in sweeter tears, than those that Sophia shed on the wretched and miserable.

But, alas! those eyes, once so bright, are now almost sunk into darkness; that tongue, once so soft, is parched and stiff; and those lately blooming cheeks, hollow and pale. Under a worn out breast, that heart, half benumbed, hardly beats; and that blood, once the unsullied spring of health and life, now dark and coagulated, moves but slowly and by intervals, through those shrivelled veins. Consumption—haggard and baneful consumption—has, within six months, wasted away and broken down that elegant and noble structure, which, during sixteen years, tender nature reared and fostered with such attentive care.

Yet, though almost fallen to the ground, that beautiful flower is not entirely faded. Though lilies and roses have flown before the dire tempest, some of their sweet leaves still remain scattered on that adorable countenance. At the sight of that suffering angel, even death seems to have been moved with pity; the untimely dissolution "of that Heaven laboured form," is neither marked by pangs, struggles, nor agonies; Sophia's spirit gently rises to Heaven, whilst her body slowly sinks into the tomb. Alas! it has reached the bottom of it; poor Sophia is dead. Oh nature! weep; and thou queen of the fair, oh sweet Albion, mourn!

Oh, death! whose merciless scythe equally mows down the sweet flower that adorns our gardens, and the poisonous weed that disgraces our fields; thou art an odious blot on the fair bosom of human creation. Oh, cruel death! wherever thy swiftly-winged skeleton stirs his dreaded flight, suffering nature groans, afflicted humanity mourns; blasted life sees her noblest blossoms wither, and her dearest fruits drop, and the only remaining soother of our woes, sweet and tender hope, languishes and dies. Oh, relentless tyrant! if yet, after having broken and torn for ever every tie by which human souls are on earth, as it were, sympathetically interwoven, thou didst leave their bodily frames unbroken; if yet it was permitted to us to foster and cherish in those earthly temples, the dear remembrance of the lovely spirits that once inhabited and animated them; but no! even the depth of the deepest grave cannot shelter thy victims; even there dire corruption gnaws the delicate flesh, and moulders away the polished bone; thus

not a particle of our dust escapes thy destructive touch; and thou dost ingulph the dearest objects of our affections in a bottomless abyss, not only unfathomable to our sight, but even inaccessible to our thoughts.

Sweet, but deceitful, was the dawn of Sophia's short existence. It rose in the splendour of prospects, that were soon to be blasted; of hopes, that were soon to vanish. The ground on which she trod, like that of all earthly joy, was tottering; it was undermined by woe to its very surface; at the slightest touch it gave way, and she was no more.

Oh, beloved and lamented Sophia! I have seen the grave to which thou hast been carried, into which thou hast been laid; on the fresh mould that surrounded it I have seen the impure worm writhing itself with horrid eagerness, as if conscious of an approaching prey; I have seen thy coffin hanging over, and slowly descending into its gloomy abyss; I have heard the hollow sound of the heavy stone that for ever shut thy sepulchral mansion; and the dire remembrance still shakes my soul with the agony of the deepest grief; and language fails to describe the feelings of my sorrow. But thy grave, oh sweet Sophia! will speak; it will say, that she whom death so untimely precipitated into its subterraneous shades, so barbarously snatched from the adoring sight of men, was all that nature had created of most elegant and beautiful in form, of most innocent and generous in disposition. Thy grave shall speak, oh Sophia! and the feeling passenger, struck with the awful and melancholy sound, shall softly tread and bitterly weep on the hallowed ground that covers the sacred dust of thy noble ruins, while his heart, indignant and disgusted with this earth, fallen and degraded, where innocence suffers and beauty perishes, shall, with renovated faith, cast a look of grateful and consoling hope towards that ever just and merciful Heaven, where, at last, freed from trials, struggles, and miseries, human virtue triumphant, will

"Meet recompence in bliss that never dies."

Oh, earthly grandeur, riches, and power, how dim and faint is all your splendour and lustre, when seen through the gloomy shade of a cypress. Oh, world! vain and despicable world! how all thy pomp, and thy noise, and thy bustle, sounds dull and paltry to the ear, when it re-echoes to our heart from the tomb-stone of a dear, beloved, departed friend!

N. FRAISINET.

MEMOIR

MEMOIR *of* Dr. HAWES.

(Continued from Page 724.)

IN the spring of 1774, Mr. Hawes published his "account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's illness, so far as relates to the exhibition of Dr. James's powder; together with remarks on the use and abuse of that powerful medicine, in the beginning of acute disease." Dr. Goldsmith was his intimate friend, and one of the first whom he consulted on his plan of offering rewards, previously to the establishment of the humane society. Mr. Hawes's only motive in this publication appears to have been the wish of being serviceable to others; and to prevent men, if possible, from destroying their own lives by the injudicious use of strong and (what are called) infallible remedies; but which, generally speaking, are the grossest imposition on the ignorance and credulity of mankind.

"If the desire I have," he observes, "to warn mankind against the fatal effects produced by the indiscriminate use of various potent medicines, has betrayed me into an improper warmth of expression, I hope to stand excused by the humane and sensible part of the public, when it is considered that the preservation of the lives of my fellow-creatures was my principal inducement to it."

He acknowledges, however, with the greatest candour, that much good has arisen from the proper and skilful exhibition of Dr. James's powder, in many cases of fever; but declares that he has also seen several cases in which it has proved highly injurious. Dr. Goldsmith's case was certainly of this number. In an advertisement to the fourth edition of this account, he remarks—"It is not my disposition to be uncandid, nor my wish to injure the circumstances of any man; but whatever in the form of a medicine appears likely to produce a public injury, I am determined to expose. I have made quacks of all denominations my sworn enemies; but what medical man, of honour and reputation, would wish to be upon tolerable terms with the murderers of the human race?"

The zeal and activity of Mr. Hawes in promoting the welfare and increasing the happiness of others, were not limited or confined to his favourite institution. Early in the year 1776 he published "An Examination of Wesley's Primitive Physic." This work of Mr. Wesley's was full of the grossest absurdities and the most dangerous remedies, and which were likely to be destructive of the lives of many of those over whom his name had influence. This examination, which passed through three large editions, was very serviceable in promoting the humane and disinterested views of its author.

In

In the summer of this year Mr. Hawes received his diploma of M. D.

For the first six years after the establishment of the humane society, Dr. Cogan prepared its reports from year to year; it would be unnecessary to say he did it with judgment, since he can do nothing but with the hand of a master. Dr. Hawes was equally attentive in aiding the designs and promoting the views of their institution. Accordingly we find him, in the autumn of 1776, engaged in the arduous task of giving a course of lectures on suspended animation: a subject wholly new and unexplored. The doctor hoped, by delivering these lectures, to excite an investigation of the subject in all its branches, and to its fullest extent and remotest consequences. But particularly was it his wish to instruct the younger part of the faculty to preserve human life in every critical circumstance in which the vital powers are liable to be suspended; to lead them into the consideration of the various derangements which interrupt the action of the brain, the heart, or the lungs; to point out to them the means to be employed in restoring their respective functions. The doctor fully explained to his pupils the most proper methods to be pursued in recovering persons from syncope, inebriation, trance, drowning, suffocation by the cord, or noxious vapours, intense cold, or lightning. He also minutely characterized the several symptoms of apparent death, which sometimes supervene in acute diseases, but which might be often surmounted by suitable measures, speedily adopted, and vigorously pursued. The usual signs of death were severally considered by him, and those which are certain distinguished from those which are equivocal. The doctor continued these lectures for many years; and they answered the very important purpose of turning the attention of his hearers to this benevolent, novel, and interesting subject. Still anxious, however, to attract the attention of the faculty to it, and to promote the great object which filled his heart and mind, he offered prize-medals for the best dissertations on various subjects more immediately connected with it; and they produced several valuable ones.

But even here he could not rest satisfied, or think he had done sufficient for that important cause, in which he had so disinterestedly embarked, and so ardently pursued; he proposed, therefore, to the directors of the humane society that they also should offer prize-medals for the best dissertations on subjects which had a direct reference to suspended animation. They had their desired effect, as we find the doctor afterwards stating, that "these investigations have essentially contributed to elucidate the theory and improve the practice of resuscitation."

Dr. Hawes was actuated by the same beneficent motives in his several publications; his sole view in them was to preserve life, by every means in his power, for his mind was uniformly and unceasingly employed in the cause of humanity. It was this all-powerful principle which induced him, in 1777, to publish his "Address to the Public on Premature Death and Premature Interment;" and, at a consderable expence, to distribute, in the course of a few months, seven thousand copies. In this address he offered "the reward of one guinea to any nurse, or other attendant, on any child or grown person returning to life, by their humane attention, provided the fact was ascertained by a gentleman of the faculty, or three creditable persons. The doctor asserts, and no one who knew him can doubt it, that his view in incurring such heavy expences was the hope of exciting an universal attention to a subject of so much importance to mankind.

In the year 1778, a more active part in the management of the affairs of the humane society devolved on him by his being chosen its register. This was still increased in 1780, when Dr. Cogan returned to Holland. On this event Dr. Hawes greatly regretted the loss of so able a colleague, and lamented that the task of arranging and preparing the annual reports of the society should have "fallen into hands of such inferior ability; but hopes that his zeal will compensate for the want of ability, that the important cause then entrusted to his sole care, might not be permitted to languish."

Those only who have witnessed the labour and fatigue which the various and multiplied concerns of the society necessarily impose on him who is entrusted with the entire direction of them, can justly appreciate the value and extent of his unceasing exertions, for promoting a cause so near his heart, and with which his own happiness, as well as the happiness of others, was interwoven. The doctor remarks, in the "Transactions of the Society,"* that, soon after this time, the execution of its annual reports "became more complex and intricate." "As the instances of resuscitation multiplied," he observes, "new and improved modes of treatment suggested themselves to skilful practitioners, and other species of apparent death, than those hitherto treated, were also brought within the reach of art. These circumstances, arising from the liberal spirit and unexampled fervour manifested by the medical assistants, in the prosecution of their life-saving views, concurred to render the task more operose and complicated. But," he adds, "all these difficulties sunk before the pleasing contemplation of the immense good that would result from it to mankind."

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* The Transactions of the Humane Society of London, from 1774 to 1784, were published, in the year 1796, by Dr. Hawes.

In 1781, Dr. Hawes published "An Address to the King and Parliament of Great Britain, on preserving the Lives of the Inhabitants, and on regulating the Bills of Mortality." To the third edition of this work were made "very considerable additions; particularly farther hints for restoring animation, and for preserving health against the pernicious influence of noxious vapours, or contaminated air, by simple and efficacious means," in a letter to him from Dr. Anthony Fothergill.

The mind of Dr. Hawes was uniformly and ardently employed in the general cause of humanity. His views of beneficence were by no means confined to the objects connected with the institution, of which he was the zealous advocate and unwearied promoter. His whole life was a constant exemplification of his motto—

"*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

He did not suffer his exertions to abate, because he could not succeed in the first, second, or third attempt; but persevered, with uncommon ardour, 'till he could obtain the object he had in view for promoting the welfare of others. Numerous are the instances of his anonymous appeals to the public liberality for the relief of virtuous indigence or unavoidable misery.

In the year 1793, the introduction of the general use of cottons, instead of silk, having occasioned, as was to be expected, a want of employment to the weavers of silk in Spital-fields, a great deal of disease, distress, and positive want were the consequences. Dr. Hawes, in his capacity of physician to the London dispensary, witnessed them with real anguish of mind, and lamented his inability to afford relief. He made several appeals to the public; at length he became happily instrumental in preserving from absolute ruin nearly twelve hundred families. The following letter to a clergyman is one, among a great many, which his humane and benevolent mind dictated on the occasion:—

"Rev. Sir,

"Permit me to address you on the present occasion, and to return you my most sincere thanks for your voluntary exertions in behalf of the distressed weavers. Believe me, Sir, it is not in the power of language to describe their long and continued miseries; miseries not brought on by idleness, intemperance, or a dissolute course of life; but human wretchedness, absolutely produced by want of employment.

"My profession obliges me daily to be an eye witness of the severe distresses, trials, and afflictions of these much to be pitied of our fellow-creatures. Whole families without fire,

without raiment, and without food; and, to add to the catalogues of human woes, three, four, and five in many families languishing on the bed of sickness.

"I am sure, Sir, you will believe me when I declare, that such scenes of complicated woe are too affecting to dwell upon; and, therefore, shall conclude with my most ardent wishes that, by your pleading in their behalf, other divines may be animated to the same pious undertaking; as I am certain that public benevolence will prevent the premature death of many, will restore health to numbers, and afford the staff of life to thousands of afflicted families.

"I am, Rev. Sir,
"Your most obedient humble servant,
"W. HAWES,
"Physician to the London Dispensary.

"*Spital-square, November* 16, 1793."

(To be continued.)

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 733.)

IN the evening of this very day, after all the melancholy duties incidental to it had been discharged, John de Lancaster detached himself from the company, and striking into a gloomy walk of unclipt yew trees, appertaining to what by courtesy was called the pleasure ground, at the extremity of it surprised Amelia, solitary and unconscious of his approach, reposing herself on a seat under the shade of a tree, whose branches through their openings gave a glimpse of her figure, which might well have escaped any eyes but those of a lover. Upon discovering him as he approached, the timid damsel started from her seat, and was preparing to withdraw, when with that gentle action, which more resembles intercession than compulsion, having induced her to resume her seat, he said—

"It has been a long and tedious banishment, to which your governess condemned me; and since my good fortune has now thrown an opportunity in my way, which I have ardently wished for, and of which I may honourably avail myself, don't think me too importunate, if I solicit you to give me a hearing whilst I discharge my conscience of a duty that I owe to the parent whom we have this day followed to the grave. Perhaps, Miss Jones, you are not apprised by what solemn obligations

tions I am bound to consider your honour, interest, and happiness unalienably connected and interwoven with my own. How dear you were to my departed mother I well know; what I professed to you in our first and only interview I religiously bear in mind; I have every impression of your merit, every sensibility of your charms, both of mind and person, that our very short acquaintance could inspire, and by the sacred solemnity of this day I swear to you that, if Heaven grants me life, I will live to your service."

"Mr. De Lancaster," she replied, "though I cannot at this moment find expressions for my gratitude, I hope you will believe that if I felt it less, I could express it better. It is indeed a very long time since you honoured me with your visit, and of course this is the very first instant I can profit by for returning my most heart-felt thanks for your invaluable present, which, by some misunderstanding on the part of Mrs. Jennings, I have 'till now unhappily been deprived of doing. As I did not know that you had been the bearer of that kind present 'till after you had left the house, I must not presume to judge of your reasons for resenting the reception that you met with from the lady, under whose care I am; but I may venture to assure you, it was never her intention to give offence to Mr. De Lancaster, and I must leave it with yourself to reflect, whether it is consistent with your idea of what is just and right to harbour a lasting resentment for an unpremeditated trespass."

"If you judge me by appearances, Miss Jones," he replied, "I may suffer in your good opinion; but in absenting myself from Mrs. Jennings's house I conceive I only acted as every man of honour ought to act towards a lady, who gave him clearly to understand that his visits were unwelcome. You may not have been informed that the very first time I waited upon you at Denbigh she intimated this to me most pointedly by letter, and when a second time I was not suffered to deliver into your hands what I had in charge to give you from my mother, judge if I could so misunderstand either her or myself, as ever to intrude again, and provoke her to give me a more explicit dismission."

"Alas, Sir" replied Amelia, "how it came to pass, that Mrs. Jennings so misjudged the case I know not; but that she is incapable of a designed affront I am perfectly persuaded. You well know the situation in which we jointly stand towards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, which meet and centre in your single person; and I think you cannot fail to find good reason on our part, why we should not wilfully fail in respect towards those, upon whose bounty we subsist."

"Ah lovely Amelia," exclaimed the enamoured youth, "when you humble yourself to speak of obligations to my family in these terms, you compel me to declare to you, that I have no higher ambition at my heart, nor is there any prouder honour I can aspire to, than to render myself in time not totally unworthy of a place in your esteem; you must suffer me to tell you, that such was the impression I received upon the sight of you, when I was bearer of the token, which the poor soldier was entrusted with, and so ardent was my desire to avail myself of the introduction, which my departed mother's commission for the second time afforded me, that the unexpected cold reception I encountered from your governess was such a cutting disappointment, that I could not conquer my ungovernble temper, and was driven to commit a thousand wild extravagancies, that upon reflection I am ashamed of; therefore it was, that upon self-examination discovering my unworthiness, and want of education to correct my errors, I avoided all society but of my teacher and my books, and laboured diligently to retrieve the time that I had lost. How far I may have succeeded time must shew; all I can say for myself is, that I have not been sparing of my efforts, and if henceforward I may be favoured with access to you, I shall have an object in my view, whose approbation, if I can deserve it and obtain it, will be the highest reward this world can give me, and the one great blessing of my life."

He had, whilst he was addressing her in these emphatic words, taken her hand in his, and she now for some time, without attempting to withdraw it, sat silent, meditative, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her face suffused with blushes.

The terms, in which she had heard herself addressed, were such as could not be misunderstood; it is natural also to suppose they could not be unwelcome; they certainly demanded an answer, but how to shape that answer between the extremes of too much and too little sensibility was to the modest, unassuming, diffident Amelia an embarrassment that her inexperience was not qualified to surmount. She had however made an effort to attempt some general acknowledgments, better graced and easier to be understood by the look and action that accompanied them than by the language, when the sudden approach of Cecilia in an instant dispelled both the pleasure and the pain of this unfinished explanation, and gave her to understand that Mr. De Lancaster had something to impart to her, and was anxiously expecting the pleasure of her company.

Upon the word she arose, bowed respectful obedience to the summons, and turned a look upon the party, she was now constrained to leave, so marked with feeling and so fraught with mind,

mind, that our hero must have been dull indeed had he needed any comment to explain its meaning.

(To be continued.)

Cautions recommended by the Physicians and Surgeons of the Bath Hospital, to those who have received Benefit by the Use of the Bath Waters, in Cases where the Poison of Lead is concerned, as Plumbers, Glaziers, Painters, and other Artificers, who work in Trades which expose them to similar Hazards, from the same Cause; to be observed by them at their Return to the Exercise of their former Occupations.

I.

TO maintain the strictest temperance, particularly respecting distilled spirits, which had better be altogether forborne.

II.

To pay the strictest attention to cleanliness; and never, when it can be avoided, to daub their hands with paint; and particularly never to eat their meals, or go to rest, without washing their hands and face.

III.

Not to eat or drink in the room or place wherein they work, and much less to suffer any food or drink to remain exposed to the fumes or dust of the metal, in the workshops or warehouses.

IV.

As the clothes of persons in this line (painters particularly) are generally observed to be much soiled with the colours they use, it is recommended to them to perform their work in frocks of ticking, which may be frequently washed, and conveniently laid aside, when the workmen go to their meals, and again put on when they resume their work.

V.

Every business which can, in these branches, should be performed with gloves on the hands; and woollen or worsted gloves are recommended, as they may be often washed, as they should always be after being soiled with paint, or even by much rubbing against the metal.

VI.

Caution is necessary in mixing, or even in unpacking the dry colours, that the fine powder does not get into their mouths, or be drawn in by the breath. A crape covering

over

over the face might be of service, but care should be taken to turn always the same side towards the face, and to clean or wash it frequently.

VII.

All artificers should avoid touching lead when hot; and this caution is especially necessary for printers, or compositors, who have often lost the use of their limbs by handling the types when drying by the fire, after being washed.

VIII.

Glaziers' putty should never be made or moulded by the hand. An iron pestel and mortar would work the ingredients together, at least equally well, and without hazard.

IX.

If any person, in any of the above employments, should feel pain in the bowels, with costiveness, they should immediately take twenty drops of laudanum, and when the pain is abated, two table-spoonfulls of castor oil, or an ounce of the bitter purging salt, dissolved in warm chamomile tea. If this does not succeed, a pint, or two pints, of warm soap-suds should be thrown up as a clyster.

X.

As a preventative, two or three tea-spoonfulls of salad oil, taken in a small cup of gruel, is likely to be of service, if taken daily, and steadily pursued.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Extracts from Polwhele's History of Cornwall, respecting the Population, Diseases, &c. &c.

THAT the miner should be affected with diseases which other labourers have no great reason to dread, might readily be presumed. There is certainly a consumption peculiar to the miners, of which a full account will be here required; and, perhaps, to this disease, more than half their population fall a sacrifice. It is brought on by working in what they term damps. These damps are either hot or cold; that is, they consist of volumes of air elicited from the surrounding hills of the caverns in which they work, of different temperatures, sometimes as high as 90 or 100 degrees, and replete with moisture, at others as low as 45 or 50 degrees. This air is mephitic, or unfit for respiration, in a greater or less degree. Carbonic acid gas is in general the air by which the whole is vitiated; but it is known that two columns of bad air are met with in some

drifts or passages; so that the labourer has a small portion of respirable air in the middle only, while above him is azote, and below carbona and gas.

Tempted by high wages, or stimulated by fortunate speculations, the miner pursues his work in this deadly atmosphere in spite of repeated slight injuries to his health. Ere long, however, a sense of heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, and shortness of breath, announce the approach of serious calamity. Soon after, the countenance becomes sallow, or leaden; a little cough and black expectoration in the mornings follow, and giddiness is felt on coming to grass (the surface) after work. The appetite fails, and a pain round the loins is added to the other symptoms. These occur in succession, more or less rapidly, according to the quality of the air, and constitution of the subject.

If the unhappy sufferer stopped here, his life might be preserved, but not without great injury to his health. Asthma indeed has sometimes supervened, and by this the impending consumption has been for a time averted. The progress of disease, however, is in general too little attended to, until all probability of cure is removed. Persisting in the same occupation, and supporting himself with spirituous liquors, after his appetite for solid nutriment has failed, he relinquishes his pursuit only when he is no longer able to stand, and when the last stage of his disease is at hand. He is assailed with excessively profuse sweats, encreased pain at the pit of the stomach, and around the loins; his respiration is short and wheezing, resembling an astmatic, except that he has no interval. The expectoration, which is of a slimy pituitous kind, becomes suddenly very copious and black; his strength is exhausted; and though there is often some considerable remission after the profuse sweats have continued a few weeks, he lingers only to feel a new set of symptoms, by which his sufferings are prolonged without hope. There are many obvious points of dissimilarity in this, from common pulmonary consumption.

1st.—The subjects as far as regards their form and temperament.

2d.—The period of the profuse sweats, which in the latter are found greatest about the termination; whereas here they are excessive in the beginning, and comparatively little near the end.

3d.—The quantity and time of the expectoration, which in this instance is most profuse in the beginning, and very inconsiderable sometimes towards the end.

4th.—In the appearance of the expectorated matter, which is a heavy slimy, blackish, or bluish mucus, without an admixture of pus.

And

And lastly, in the seat of the pain, which is, for the most part, confined to the pit of the stomach, and region of the loins, and in the latter sometimes intolerable, while the chest is affected in a very slight degree.

Few opportunities have been found to examine the appearance after death; but it is most probable that other viscera are injured besides the lungs; and it cannot be doubted that the morbid effects of a poisonous fluid, long respired, must be diffused through the whole system, and disorder all the functions. In such a case it would be vain to search the pharmacopeia for a remedy. That can only be afforded by regulations laid down and enforced by the thinking and humane part of the superior class of miners.--pp. 77, 78, 79, 80.

FELINE ANECDOTE.

THE following circumstance occurred not fourteen miles from Carlisle, and can be well authenticated:—

About six years ago, at a farm on the banks of the Sark, not two miles above Gretna, a young woman was married to a farmer, near Kirkgunzeon Kirk, in the stewartry of Kircudbright; and when her parents were giving her *outgate*, as it is called in Scotland, in addition to their gift, she begged of them a favourite cat, which had two kittens; this was granted, and the cat and kittens were mounted along with her upon the cart, which arrived at the farmer's residence at Kirkgunzeon Kirk that evening. Puss, not satisfied with her new quarters, next night decamped with her two kittens, carrying them one after the other during the night, and hiding them during the day, when, it is supposed, she supported herself with the scanty provisions she could procure. It was ascertained, that she lost one of the kittens in the Langwood, parish of Troquire, about four miles from Dumfries, where she was seen two days; and after passing through Dumfries, she arrived at her old lodgings, on the banks of the Sark, with the other kitten; having, on her return, travelled not less than forty miles, in twelve days.

N.

REFLECTION.

AGED wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind, greater even than that which arises from power and station; it can check the most froward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.

NOON OF NIGHT.

THIS remarkable poetical expression, now so common, was first introduced into our language by Ben Jonson, who appears to have been so diffident of the reception it might meet with, or whether the licence he had taken would be approved, that he refers, in the margin, to the author of whom he borrowed it. The phrase is Varro's; in Latin, *meridies noctes*; and it occurs in the sixth chapter of Nonius Marcellus.

SHRIKES.

THE habit of tranfixing and hanging up their prey is peculiar to the shrikes, (*lanii*, of Linnæus,) and is very observable in the collared species. Vaillant, in his Travels into Africa, says,

"When this bird sees a locust, a mantist, or a small bird, it springs upon it; and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dextrous in this operation that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between a division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by human means.

"We need only watch this shrike for a single moment in order to witness its ravages; and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find, on each bush and tree, the victims which it has transfixed, the major part of which is often so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct."

Answer, by Robert Glanvill, of St. Austell, to J. C. Hurst's Question, inserted July 10.

THIS question is easily solved thus:—50—10=40, the difference of the extremes, and 9—1=8, the number of the terms less one, and 40÷8=5 the common difference; then 5+10=15, and 10+15+20+25+30+35+40+45+50 equal 270 miles, the distance from London.

☞ This question has also been answered by J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; C. Caines, at Cerne school; R. Maffett, and R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Channon, Ottery; W. D. Champion, Bridgewater; Analyticus; W. Kent, near Camelford; T. Kite, Stockland; G. Spry, Egg Buckland; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; and C. J. Ninnis, of the Cornish artillery.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to Un Ami's Charade, inserted 24th of July.

WHEN from this isle retires the lamp of day,
And at the nadir beams with splendent ray,
Then is "the very witching time of night,"
When wrinkled hags perform the magic rite:
Oft then on man their impious rage is dealt,
And oft the NIGHT-MARE's dire oppression's felt.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; Caroline, of Lion's Gate; N. Gribble, and R. Withall, of Plymouth; W. Kent, near Camelford; Paulus Emilius; H. B. of Bridgewater; and S. Tucker, of Bugford.

Answer, by J. Woodman of North Curry, to H. B.'s Rebus, inserted July 31.

WHEN fam'd musicians do together meet,
The ORATORIO to perform compleat,
The sacred notes attract the listening ear
Of multitudes, who come both far and near.

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; T. Kite, of Stockland; and S. Tucker, of Bugford.

A REBUS, *by J. French, at Evershot school.*

A Colour, gents. that I admire;
A letter add is my desire;
A term in grammar pray now shew,
Which is my whole, and so adieu.

A REBUS, *by T. Pearse, of Chard.*

A Numeral will my first explain;
A verb comes second in the train;
A vowel for my third declare;
Another numeral chuse with care;
Find a conjunction then with ease;
And last a numeral if you please:
Connect these parts, you'll plainly see,
The place of my nativity.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

DOMESTIC friends, I now would introduce
A curious vessel of essential use;
On swamps and rivers often doom'd to roam,
And pathless desarts, far remote from home;
The deathless arms in me conceal'd remain,
Which scorns the hill, and sweeps the distant plain;
I can't attain to honour or renown,
And yet my chief support is from the crown;
Pierc'd for long fours I closely watch the tide,
Drain the broad empire, and the dead deride;
High o'er her poop the galling canvas strain;
By driving storms, and gusts of drenching rain;
Unknown to strangers, with domestics dwell,
Enough is said—it rests my name to tell.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SEDUCTION.

OH say! amidst the num'rous crimes, is there
A crime that with seduction can compare?
Which, while it doth its flatt'ring strains impart,
Infuses poison in the human heart!
With false professions doth its victims lure!
Then steals a treasure worlds can ne'er restore!

Paint to your view a sweet, enchanting maid,
In all the charms of modesty array'd;
Train'd up to shun of vice the winding way,
Who ne'er was known from virtue's path to stray;
Treated with due respect by all she knew,
Her parents' pride, their joy, and comfort too!
For as old time brought on declining age,
She did the sorrows of their life assuage,
And oft the dull and tedious hours beguil'd;
Then were the parents blest, and blest their child.
While innocence, content, and sweet accord,
(For virtue always brings its own reward;)
Dwelt undisturb'd within their calm retreat,
Which seem'd of happiness the chosen seat.

As o'er the seas when gentle winds preside,
And waft the vessel o'er the briny tide,
Hush'd is the tempest's deaf'ning roar to sleep,
And not a billow agitates the deep;
The mariners exult, with mirthful sport,
And fondly hope to reach the distant port:
Soon a tremendous hurricane doth rise,
Blue light'nings gleam, and thunders shake the skies;
The wat'ry torrents furiously descend,
And winds and seas in martial strife contend;
On ev'ry side the madd'ning waves assail,
And loud the crew their bitter fate bewail;
The ship, unable to withstand the jar
And foaming rage of elemental war,
Soon to the bottom of the sea is driv'n,
Whilst dying shrieks and cries ascend to heaven.

So came a monster, in a human form,
To raise, in their abode, a direful storm;
With sly, insinuant speech, in friendship's mask,
The fiend began his diabolic task;
Once introduc'd, he model'd his behaviour
Himself t'ingratiate in the daughter's favour;
Us'd ev'ry art her virtue to subdue,
Call'd Heav'n to witness that his love was true;
With all a lover's ardent passion spoke,
T' attest his vows he did all pow'rs invoke;
Insidious vows! too well did they succeed!
Too well they caus'd her tender heart to bleed!

Her

Her weaker side he warily observ'd,
There prest the attack, and she from virtue swerv'd;
Then basely left her, in this world of care,
A prey to all the horrors of despair.
The pangs of keen remorse and mental woe,
She was, for the first time, then doom'd to know,
Brought languid sickness o'er her weak'ning frame,
And made her wish for death, who kindly came,
Soon put a period to her earthly woes,
And calmly sunk her in profound repose.

Her parents now, of every joy bereft,
For in this world, for them, no charm was left;
Loudly arraign'd stern fate's severe decree,
And curs'd the author of their misery.
Borne down at last by sorrow, care, and grief,
The hand of death afforded them relief.

Thus fell the daughter, mother, and the sire!
Ill-fated victims they to treach'ry dire!
But did the base disturber of their peace
Unpunish'd pass? No: greater woes were his!
Remorse his mind with bitter venom stung;
By keenest anguish was his bosom rung;
Corrosive conscience gnaw'd his guilty breast;
That his was but a living death at best;
By day, no peace of mind could he enjoy;
By night, more restless, dreams did him annoy;
Then on his view terrific phantoms stole,
Whose keen reproaches "harrow'd up his soul."
Thus was he doom'd to drag a wretched life,
With ling'ring step, thro' this dark vale of strife;
Worn with accumulated woes, at length,
His body sicken'd, wasted was his strength;
Resistless death now hover'd round his bed,
At whose approach he felt horrific dread;

As on his actions past he did reflect,
How terrible appear'd the retrospect!
Beyond the loathsome grave he strain'd his eyes,
But there could see no cheering prospect rise;
His soul shrunk backs, o'erwhelm'd with dark despair,
For he was going—but he knew not where;
His mind was by contending passions rack'd,
And while deliberating how to act,
Impatient death threw his destructive dart,
Which deeply entered in his struggling heart;
The vital spark its earthly mansion fled,
And he was laid amidst the silent dead,
'Till Heav'n's last trump shall bid mankind arise,
And meet the dreadful Ruler of the Skies;
Then, at the great tribunal he'll appear,
To answer *there* for crimes committed *here*.

Bridgewater. W. D. CHAMPION.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[Upon the banks of the Clyde, Mr. Todd, of Glasgow, has erected a temple to the memory of the late Mr. Fox, and under his bust, by Nollekins, are the following beautiful lines, written by Mr. Roscoe, formerly M. P. for Liverpool.]

CHAMPION of freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd at the general good of human-kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,
And whilst he blest his country, lov'd the whole!